

The After

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Summary: A series of moments of Ron and Hermione's growing relationship at the end of DH and moving forward into the epilouge with bits of Ginny and Harry. PostDH cannonish (well I tried) this is my very first fic Disclaimer: All characters belong to the brilliant J.K. Rowling I own nothing, but am honored she allows us to play in her world. Again I do not own Harry Potter

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Chp 1

Ron Weasely was exhausted. In the span of a 24 hours he had finally been kissed by the love of his life, lost a brother, and thought his best mate was dead. It was no doubt the best and worst day of his life. Now he sat with his family, or what was left of his family in the Great Hall. Harry had wandered off mumbling something about Dumbledore's office, but Hermione, Hermione was practically smashed into him with both her little hands positively wrapped around his and her head on his shoulder. He looked down into those chocolate brown eyes gazing up at him and could not help but smile at the sheer love and empathy that shone back at him. "hey, how are you doing?" she whispered. "Fucking awesome, bloody exhausted, and like my heart has been ripped out of my chest" he whispered back placing a quick kiss on the top of her head. "emotional rage of a teaspoon my arse" he chuckled. "I'm surprised we have had a moments peace" she said

looking around warily. Ever since the battle had ended the trio had been swarmed with people, wondering where they had been, hugging and slapping them on the back for their "shenanigans". Then there had been the condolences for Fred, every witch or wizard that clutched Ron's hand in theirs and told him how sorry they were and how much they loved Fred, Hermione noticed Ron would clench his jaw a little tighter. Most of the attention had been for Harry of course, "but that must be because Harry has gone, where is he anyway?" "Right here mum" Harry said sarcastically as he trotted up to them. "Had to go to Dumbledore's office, how you doing mate?" as he clapped his hand on Ron's shoulder, swinging a leg over to sit next to them at one of the makeshift tables McGonagall constructed after the battle. "That's a loaded question Harry" just as he was about to expound on this, Arthur and Molly walked over with George "Ron we are going to see Fred" Arthur faltered at the name of his fallen son, who hours ago had been laughing and most importantly alive "then I am taking your mother to get some rest, McGonagall says the Burrow might not be safe so we will stay here at Hogwarts until" Arthur's voice quivered again "until arrangements can be made and Bill insures the house is not jinxed" Ron was about to reply when his mother pulled him into an absolutely bone crushing hug sobbing "Ronnie! Oh my Ronnie I am so glad you are ok!" she straightened up and absolutely bellowed, "IF YOU EVER LEAVE FOR MONTHS AND PUT YOUR LIFE IN DANGER THAT MANY TIMES WITHOUT EVEN OWLING I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF" shaking her finger at him, the lack of anger in her voice, and the small smirk giving away that she was not quite as angry at him, as she was terribly relieved he was ok. She kissed him on the head, like she had when he was small and whispered "goodnight Ronnie, I love you" as she stepped back towards Arthur George wrapped Ron in the biggest bear hug he thought his brother had ever given him and said in a voice so sad that Ron would not know it was George had he not been looking at him "Fred and I, are proud of you Ronniekins not sure if we are more proud that you finally landed such a fine bird as the fabulous Miss Granger here, or the whole saving the wizarding world thing" he smirked, and it was in that moment Ron knew that George would be ok, maybe not today but the laughing prankster that was George Weasley had not been lost with the death of his brother. With a tip of his head to Hermione, George walked back over to his Mum and pulled her into a hug as they walked slowly out of the Great Hall.

Arthur looked at his wife and son for a moment, then turning his attention back to his youngest son, who had seen too many horrible things for one so young, pulled him up into a hug, voice cracking with grief and exhaustion, as he said "Ron, your mother and I are so proud of you son, not just for what you did here today, but for the man you have become" Ron's cheeks flushed with embarrassment and pride "Ermâ€¦ ahâ€¦ thanks Dad, Iâ€¦ uhâ€¦ thanks" with a clap on the back his father walked away leaving just Ron, Harry, Ginny and Hermione at the table.

"I don't know about you but I am fucking knackered" Ron stated as he stretched his lanky arms above his head. "You don't smell too good either" Ginny quipped, lifting her head from Harry's shoulder, where she had laid it the moment he sat down. Hermione giggled a wrinkled her nose at him "Really Ronald just because you helped save the wizarding world, does not mean you should smell like a pig" it took all that was in her to remain straight faced while saying it, and as soon as she had she burst out laughing. "Oi! I didn't see you complaining about how I smelled when you jumped me in the Room of Requirement woman" he sniffed as he rubbed his knuckles against his

shirt, and inspected his nails in a strikingly haughty Malfoy way. Harry looked around anxiously noting almost everyone around them had been staring at them since the Weasleys had left. Hermione noticed as well, as a few people who had begun moving in their direction in the crowded room. "I don't know how we are going to get any rest with the entire castle wanting to come up and talk to us, or ask us questions" Hermione stated, the three others murmured in agreement. "Well Miss Granger I think I can help with that" came a voice behind them, as they turned they saw the regal but exhausted now Head Mistress of Hogwarts Minerva McGonagall. "After what the three of you did on the run, and all Miss Weasley's efforts in the resistance under those horrid Capos, I think affording you a quiet place to rest is the least I could do. If you would follow me" she said. The couples rose and followed her out of the Great Hall. As they fell into step behind the Headmistress Ron noted the MANY female eyes following them, "Ginny is going to have to beat all those birds off with a stick to keep them away from Harry now that he is the bloody savior of the world" Ron whispered to Hermione. She flushed, and sharply whispered, "Ron those girls are staring at YOU". "What? I mean WHY?!" he said. He was utterly gobsmacked. He had no clue why Lavender had snogged him sixth year, and the fact that Hermione had jumped him, and was currently holding his hand thrilled him. He was still a bit surprised she cared for him, but that bloody locket had fucked with his head enough. He knew her feelings were genuine, but she liked, or maybe loved (he hoped love, because he was arse over tits in love with her) him after years of friendship. Most of these birds staring at him now he had never seen in his life. Snapping out of his thoughts he heard Hermione sniff and then mutter something Ron could have sworn sounded like, "I'll use more than a stick" Ron chuckled and pulled her close and stopped walking for a moment tipping her chin up with his forefinger and thumb and kissed her. It was not peck on the lips kiss, it was hot and passionate and a very clear statement to the entire Great Hall who Ronald Weasley and Hermione Granger belonged to. Tongues ran over lips and gaining entry and dueling with their partner, his hands plunging into her curls, hers wrapping around his waist, an impatient but amused _aaheem_ pulled them apart to see a smirking Harry and Ginny, and a smiling McGonagall at the entrance to the Hall "This way if you please" she said.

They wound around the castle and debris until they came to a portrait of the Muggle King Richard standing proudly in his rich livery, sword in one hand, and a giant red lion on his shield ready for battle. "I solemnly swear I am up to no good" McGonagall spoke to the painting, with a loud boisterous laugh the portrait swung open and McGonagall turned to the four teenagers whose jaws had hit the floor. "Fred and George are not the only ones who relied on a marauder once or twice" she stated and with that they walked through the portrait hole. "This is the head boy and girl quarters for Gryffindor, we, sadly did not have any one filling those roles this year so they have been sealed since the end of your sixth year. Head girl is to the left and Head boy to the right, each has their own bathroom. I took the liberty of having some food and a first aid kits sent to each room as well. I assume you will discover many bumps and bruises as you relax" she said "No one will be able to enter without the password as well as having honorable intentions, King Richard is a special painting and will not allow anyone in who will do you harm in any way even with the password. Now I leave you four to rest" she paused and looked down at her four students, whom she still remembered the day they were sorted into her house and a single tear ran down her cheek

"thank you" she stated simply. With that she was gone leaving the four heroes to survey their surroundings. The Head common room looked impressive yet cozy, its stone walls were covered in Gryffindor red and gold tapestries, paintings of notable Gryffindor's and giant stained glass floor to ceiling windows. The fire place was a stone carved lions mouth and there were rich leather and red sofas facing the roaring fire. Two staircases of intricately carved mahogany curved in opposite directions, presumably leading to the Head Boy and Girl suites. "Wow, this is amazing" Ginny gaped "So um, I guess Gin and Hermione can take the head Girls and Ron and I will bunk in the Head Boy's" Harry said the sadness of being removed from Ginny after being reunited hours ago was present in his voice. Ron gazed down at Hermione who was preoccupied looking at the shelves of books that lined the wall opposite the fireplace "Yea, I guess that would be best" he blew out a frustrated breath. He did not want to be a thoughtless git and assume that Hermione would want to share his bed, after agreeing to be his girlfriend, and kissing him twice in the past 24 hours. But his thoughts still lingered on how her small hands hand gripped his lower back when he kissed her in the Great Hall, and the small whimper of pleasure she made when he had plunged his tongue into her mouth. "Don't be silly Harry, as much as Ginny and I like each other there is no way we are spending a night like this away from our boyfriends. You and Ginny can take the Head Boys quarters, Ron and I will be perfectly happy in the Head Girls" she said, a slight blush tinging her cheeks. "oh erm ya, come on Harry how can you be so thick" Ron teased, the fact that Hermione has called him her boyfriend thrilled him to no end, he didn't miss the slight blush on Ginny's face or the thrilled look on Harry's face at being referred to as Ginny's boyfriend again. As the couples walked hand in hand up their respective staircases Ginny leaned over to Harry and kissed him on the cheek whispering something that turned a shade of red that would make a Weasley proud. Ron noticed and yelled across the room "Oi! Potter remember keep your hands to yourself!" earning him a smack from Hermione. Harry chuckled and shouted back "Same to you mate, that's my sister over there" OUCH" Ginny had punched him rather hard in the arm and muttered "hush before you ruin it! "with that the doors on each room were closed, silenced, and warded neither couple wanted to hear what the other would be up to that night.

End
file.